



## Late Nights



5 0 1

### Chapter 1 by Aujuree Forbes

Going for a run at night is my best stress reliever. All my friends and family members tell me that it's dangerous. I think I know this and it's precisely why I go running between 12 am and 5 am because everyone else thinks it's dangerous so I know they will not be out at this time I can run and look however because no one will see me. It will just be me and the beautiful night sky with no city lights, just the dim of the street lights and the few shines of headlights.

Thirty minutes into the run and the burn feeling in my legs had turned into an energizing sensation. I felt like I could run the whole world if I wanted to or at least run as far as I can. That's exactly what I did. I made it at least 15 miles before I turned around and began to dread that I was gonna have to do this back to the house.

I wasn't sore or tired but my run back to the house soon turned into a jog then a walk. Sadly, I was low on stamina for that and was huffing and puffing for air and I wasn't even halfway home yet. I found a dry patch of land that was far from the road and sat down. After a few minutes I was ready to stand but the sound of footsteps froze me in place.

"Give me all your money" the voice said. Seriously? Who robs people at one in the morning? I'm wearing jogging apparel. There's not even a purse or wallet on me. All I have is my comb/knife in my sports bra but the time it takes to get it out will be my last second.

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"Bitch don't lie to me! Give me what you have."

"What do you mean, lie?" I said. "I'm not wearing anything that carries cash!" I looked up at the guy but i couldn't make out his face in the dark.

"Do you wanna die? Stand up."

"Yes."

"Yes what?"

"Yes I want to die."

"Then tonight will be your lucky night." I heard the click of a loaded gun and I stood up so I was facing the guy. I couldn't hold it in anymore. This week had been stressful enough. I lost my promotion because the guy who took over the company appointed his airhead girlfriend that position. My car engine died out on me because I forgot an oil change. My mom is in the hospital with pneumonia. I just couldn't catch a break...Overwhelmed and exhausted i did what most people would do. I cried. Hysterically.

"Oh now your not tough are you?" He taunted. I cried louder. "Stop crying! Stop fucking crying!" By now i was gasping for air, hunched over and crying between breaths.

"Oh my god, please miss. Please stop crying. I'm not good with criers. I'm sorry. I won't rob you. I'm gonna leave okay. I'm leaving now." He said. I wanted to look up and see him running but I was currently falling on the ground hyperventilating. The moment I hit the ground, I knew I needed to calm down and pull myself together. Three deep and slow breaths calmed me down.

I wasn't motivated to do this run back but now I had refueled.

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